THE UNITARIAN CALENDAR

The peoples lack faith; not that individual faith which creates martyrs, but that social faith which is the parent of victory; the faith that arouses the multitudes; faith in their own destiny, in their own mission, and in the mission of the epoch.

— *MAZZINI.*

Vol. 1 **JUNE — 1909** **No. 9**

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

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With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and Cor. Franklin and Geary streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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Address contributions to the Treasurer, Francis H. Lincoln, Esq.
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The Unitarian Calendar

VOL. 1 JUNE, 1909 No. 9

THE PARAGRAPHER

There never was a more glorious age in which to live than the present. There never was a time that so challenged the soul of man by the chance of splendid achievement. There never were days that called more for high spirit and strong courage and noble deed. There are splendid causes that challenge us as they invite our aid. To the coward the age is mean and inglorious. To the brave man and true, who will risk for the right and dare by his deed, it offers the chance divine. What means it to you? Are you going to skulk in the rear, or are you going to accept the challenge of the age and go forward?

All are ministers of God. A few may learn, but all may love. A few may speak, but all may serve. A few may prove the love of God by logical argument, but all may prove it more effectually by the sweet and irresistible persuasiveness of loving deeds. A few may interpret the deep mysteries of religion, but all may live out its sublime beauties. A few may phrase the profound and syllable the sacred, but there lives no man, woman or child who may not speak in the language simple, unsyllabled, universal, intelligible to all, — the language of love. Man! Minister of God! Go out to your work!

After all is said and done in religion, it is character that counts. What matter the truth of a creed, the beauty of a ritual, the authority of a church, if

as a result the character is mean and the life meager? What matter the lack of profession, the irreligiousness of exterior, the denial of authorities, when the character is made noble and the life large? Religion, like everything else, must be judged by its fruits. Its fruits are the qualities of character, honesty, purity, strength, justice, mercy. You may be a Buddhist, Confucian, Christian, but if your life is helpful and holy, I have no fault to find with your religion.

If there has been one lesson taught me more plainly than all others during the last twenty years it has been that there is in this world nothing secular. All is sacred. All alike is permeated by the spirit of the divine. There is no day more holy than any other day, — no day, and no act, and no place. Whatever the time or the place, God is there, and makes it sacred by His presence. This is the larger lesson that humanity needs to learn before it can enter into the larger truth. Every inch of ground is holy ground, every commonest thing is sacred, every mired man is inherently divine. Knowing this, how dare you despise any one or anything?

We must sooner or later discover the existence and complete dominance of inexorable laws in the realm of spiritual life. The natural world, so-called, is not more under the domain of law than is the spiritual. As a matter of fact, the two realms are one and the same, and the law that is manifest in the one is also dominant in the other. In so far as your religion is based upon the cognizance of law, is it in accord with the highest wisdom. If you are relying upon any supernatural suspension of law by the mercy of God, you will some day have reason to regret your mistake.

There can be no salvation save that wrought by good life. Whatever may be the theory of supernatural intervention and the acceptance of a proffered pardon, it is plainly manifest to all that it is only the kind deed and the pure thought and the love-life that impart to us power and peace. The only salvation that saves is that which is based upon the development of character by the wise choice of the right action. Salvation is not a celestial elevator; it is a ladder up which a man must climb rung by rung. There is no other way to reach the top.

It is the spirit of religion that counts. The spirit of real religion is love. Wherever the religious forms lend themselves to the development of that love-spirit, they may be regarded as truly religious and worth while. Love will allow no artificial form to stand in the way between it and its loving. In the measure of love that your particular religion can develop within you is the only true standard of its reality. All beauty of form and authenticity of creed must yield place to the fineness and forcefulness of its love spirit.

The aim of religion should not be to teach people how to die, but rather to teach them how to live. Death is only an unimportant incident in the life of a man. It is life that counts, and life alone. There is no moment more important to you than the moment you are living in now. You can judge the worth of your religion by its effect upon that moment. If it helps you to make the most of it, to utilize its grander opportunities, to live larger and aim higher and serve more, you are fully justified in calling it good. This is the test of all true religion.

To the observant eye, truth gleams from every object. The commonest thing has a divine significance. Everything in nature reveals a spiritual fact. God is clearly revealed in the universal Bible — the Bible of nature. There are sermons in every leaf and flower and sunbeam and rainbow. God speaks in every wind and smiles in every sunbeam and looks out at you from every human eye. And yet you are blindly groping amid the dust of the dead past to find some trace of God — of the living God! Why do you not look about you here?

Unitarianism is very largely a movement to make men think in religion, and to accept their own thought as true. It does not assert "You must think this," or "You must think that," but it does declare with all possible emphasis, "You must think." It repudiates allegiance to the code, and insists on loyalty to the conception. No man can grasp the truth until his own thought has taken rational hold of it. To think, weigh, consider and decide for oneself become the basic duties as regards the possession or the profession of truth.

Have faith in your fellows. Let no appearance of evil or outward flaw deceive you into the denial of inward good and greatness. Every man has his faults, just as you have yours; and every man has his virtues, just as you have yours. Give him credit for his virtues, in spite of his faults. Believe that deep down beneath his imperfections there is the soul of good. There is no human life without inherent good. Learn to believe it. Risk something upon its being true. Act upon its assumption. In spite of all divisions and differences, all sins and selfishness, know that humanity at the core is good.

CLIMBING "BOYD'S HILL"

"Boyd's Hill" was nothing but a huge sand-dune. The barefooted boys used to climb it, and what it lacked in grandeur the youthful imagination supplied. It was steep and difficult, and the loose sand and gravel would slip beneath their feet. For that reason it was something of an undertaking to scale its uncertain side. It was fifty feet high, more or less, but to the childish vision it was a lofty mountain worthy the patient and persistent effort of any ten-year-old John C. Freemont.

When, however, the level field upon the summit was attained the climber received his reward. There lay the entire village and the winding river and the distant hills and forests. Far away were the wonderful cloudlands and all around there was a vastness and a freedom that made him feel like a man.

Now "men are but children of a larger growth," and they, too, have their sand hills to climb. "Boyd's Hill," that once seemed so challenging and high, has stood in my mind for years as the symbol of many an undertaking. It is especially typical of the exploit of creating a modern church. To reach the solid summit of such an enterprise one must climb laboriously and patiently, while the independent units of which it is composed seem to slip from under one's feet as fast as he can tread. The population of the modern town is as unstable as the shifting sand. Its constituents will not cohere; they defy the utmost ingenuity to organize them into a firm foundation. When you think you have them pledged and committed to some great purpose, behold! they have escaped you.

Only through a willingness to exert much effort for small visible results, to spend much time that a fraction of it may be fruitful, to deal with the many that one may influence the few, and to take large risks for small profits, can one attain success in the building of a liberal church.

But when at last the thing is accomplished what a triumph for those who have contributed to the result! How wide the scope of belief and confidence! How infinitely good and great the divine provisions for humanity! What an outlook, as compared with former limitations! How far uplifted is human anticipation, from the petty fears and fussy formulas of the past! How great the reward for all the toil and struggle of the difficult ascent!

It is then, in the full enjoyment of a well-earned victory, that one appreciates those familiar words: "Many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which ye see and saw them not and to hear the things which ye hear and heard them not."

— Lewis G. Wilson.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION

One day as you stood at the foot of a mountain you looked up and saw a little cloud upon the summit. Elsewhere the sky was clear, but on the peak the cloud rested as if it were becalmed. You climbed the mountain. Then you saw that it was not calmly resting there, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind." The wind was keen, and was driving the cloud away. You stood and watched the particles of hurrying mist. Every instant they were being driven away before the wind. You said to yourself, "I will wait, and in a little time the cloud will be dissipated." You wait, but you wait in vain. At length you realize that you are in the laboratory of the sky — you are in the place where clouds are being made; you are watching not only something that is being destroyed, but something that is being created. The warm air is rising from the valley, bearing with it an invisible burden. As it comes to the cool mountain-summit that burden is revealed — the cloud appears. What you are

watching is the process both of destruction and of creation. The same winds that are blowing the particles of mist away are also the forces that are creating the cloud.

Upon the summit of human life, at its highest point, there has always been a mystery. Always there have been the forces that seem to be dissipating that mystery — the keen winds of thought continually blowing the cloud away; and yet the wonder of it is that the mystery abides — the pillar of cloud by day — the mystery of love, of wonder, of worship, and aspiration — all that we call Religion.

— *Samuel M. Crothers.*

THE SENSE OF RELIGION

Religion is looking up, with reverence, love, and homage to the Invisible Perfection, — not in us but above us. When we find in ourselves something higher than ourselves — purer, nobler, better, — we then are listening to God's voice in the soul. We are tempted, we go astray, we often do wrong; but there is a voice within, a voice of eternal right, speaking in the conscience, which never consents to our wrong. It is something higher than we are; it is God speaking to us as the eternal right.

We are often poor, mean, low, but there is in the soul an ideal of something better than we. In the midst of our folly and fault, there stands before us the pure image of serene goodness, and we cannot but reverence it. This also is God, showing himself to the soul; and when we catch a glimpse of this infinite beauty, purity, holiness — not in us but above us — we have a sense of religion. When we look constantly, steadily, deliberately at this image of perfect goodness, we become religious. The sight and worship of this supreme excellence is religion.

— *James Freeman Clarke.*

THE REALITY OF RELIGION

Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as patent in the marts of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for a man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life. It will not look backward exclusively to "a dead fact stranded on the shore of the oblivious years," nor will its rewards be found alone in the life to come. The world of to-day will not be a "vale of tears" through which sinful men are to walk unhappily toward final reward. It will be a world of light and color and joy, a world in which each of us may have a noble though a humble part, — the work of the "holy life of action." It will find religion in love and wisdom and virtue, not in bloodless asceticism, philosophical disputation, the maintenance of withered creeds, the cultivation of fruitless emotion, or the recrudescence of forms from which the life has gone out. It is possible, Thoreau tells us, for us to "walk in hallowed cathedrals," and this in our every-day lives of profession or trade. It is the loyalty to duty, the love of God through the love of men, which may transform the workshop to a cathedral, and the life of to-day may be divine none the less because it is strenuous and complex. It may be all the more so because it is democratic, even the Sabbath and its duties being no longer exalted above the other holy days.

Those who control the spiritual thought of the twentieth century will be religious men. They will not be religious in the fashion of monks, ascetics, mystic dreamers, or emotional enthusiasts.

They will not be active in debating societies, discussing the intricacies of creeds. Neither will they be sticklers as to details in religious millinery. They will be simple, earnest, God-fearing, because they have known the God that makes for righteousness. Their religion of the twentieth century will be its working theory of life. It will be expressed in simple terms or it may not be expressed at all, but it will be deep graven in the heart. In wise and helpful life it will find ample justification. It will deal with the world as it is in the service of "the God of Things as They Are." It will find this world not "a vale of tears," a sink of iniquity, but a working paradise in which the rewards of right-doing are instant and constant. It will find, indeed, that "His service is perfect freedom," for all things large or small within the reach of human effort are done in His way, and in His way only.

— David Starr Jordan.

EQUALITY OF WELFARE

The equal welfare of all — that is the aim for which we ought to live! By the hopes of this we should direct our life. This should be at the root of our public morality, and at the root of our human enthusiasms. In business, in professional life, in government, at home, in society, in our leisure, culture, and our play, this thought should never leave us, but command our whole action like a king. If it did, how it would upturn and dissolve all that part of our daily life which is pursued for our pleasure alone, or our advantage alone! In what way, in its mirror, would appear the lives of those who have steadily lived for nothing else than the accumulation of wealth or for nothing else but their own amusement, their own knowledge, or their own love of beauty? In that mirror their lives would appear unnatural deformities.

Then, again, there are those who think to themselves, "Welfare of all, indeed! No, no, my own welfare first and the welfare of my children, that I and they may have more than other folk; so shall we be honored and obeyed. Welfare of all! where, then, is *my* welfare?" I answer: "It is in the welfare of all." "Oh, that is incredible, one of the sentimental dreams; I am sick of the folly of it." "Yes, indeed, you are sick, and the worst of the sickness is that you are persuaded it is health."

I do not advocate equality of wealth or of capital in any shape, or even equality of worldly advantage. Those are matters for public discussion, or for public law — that is, for the assent and conviction of the whole body politic. What I do advocate and what I say we may hope for in the future, and must have in the future, is an equality of welfare, which by no means is equivalent to an equality of riches. I mean that the diseased parts of the state should be made whole; that the main sources of a wise, educated, happy, well-ordered, simple, and healthy life should be equally in the power of all men and women, from youth to age, from birth to death; that the absolute necessities of a decent life, of knowledge, of a love of beauty, should be in the power of all men to attain equally; that a just amount of leisure should be in the capacity of all; that equal means of just and simple pleasure should be possible to all; and, naturally, that terror and misery and starvation and the present bitterness of the struggle for very life, and the slavery of millions of men and women and all the wrath and wrong, hatred and vengeance, which these evils store up in the hearts of men and women, and which make crime and disease, and drunkenness, and madness, and private bloodshed, and public war — should be, as they ought to be in any society which pretends to be civilized, lessened year by year, and finally annihilated. That these things should be accomplished is the aim for which

we ought to live. That they should be accomplished — not by violent revolution, but by the people, in all but universal agreement, shaping them into permanent forms in the laws of the state — ought to be our method of bringing them to pass. It is the right thing to do; it is the loving thing to do; it is the wise thing to do; it is the first duty of a state to accomplish it. It can be done and it will be done.

— *Stopford A. Brooke.*

IT IS GLORY ENOUGH

It is glory enough to have shouted the name
Of the living God in the teeth of an army of foes;
To have thrown all prudence and forethought away
And for once to have followed the call of the soul
Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin and death.
To have counselled with right, not success, for once,
Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day
To have marched out alone before the seats of the scornful,
Their fingers all pointing your way;
To have felt and wholly forgotten the branding iron of their eyes;
To have stood up proud and reliant on only your soul
And go calmly on with your duty —
It is glory enough.

It is glory enough to have taken the perilous risk;
Instead of investing in stocks and paid-up insurance for one,
To have fitted a cruiser for right to adventure a sea full of shoals;

To sail without chart and with only the stars for a guide;
To have dared to lose with all the chances for losing,
Is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right;
To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgetting your base of supplies.
And while the worldly wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,
And though far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak —
To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.

— *William H. Carruth.*

By becoming one with the social self, the individual, instead of being crushed, is made far vaster, far grander, than before. The renunciation which he has to accept in abandoning merely individual ends is immediately compensated by the far more vivid life he now enters into. In abandoning his exclusive individuality, he becomes for the first time a real and living individual; and, in accepting as his own the life of others, he becomes aware of a life in himself that has no limit and no end. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

— *Edward Carpenter.*

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.

— *Ruskin.*

The habit is growing common in our time of saying: "There is no need for me to go into the house of the Lord. I can worship in my own house, in the woods, on the waters, or wherever I lift up my heart; the whole world is a temple to the devout spirit; prayer lies not in words, or praise in tunes, and service does not lie in talking. I have outgrown all that, and am now my own temple and my own priest."

It is a difficult and delicate matter to touch such a claim as this adversely, because it earns a large sympathy from men and women who think as we do, while some of the divinest words our Great Teacher ever said edge that way; and some of the noblest men and women we have ever known have taken that stand, and have seemed to make it good by the pureness and beauty of their lives.

But may I not ask this question of the most of those who claim that there is no need for them to go to the house of the Lord — What do you really do in the woods, and on the waters, and in your own homes, and what does it all come to? Do the thoughts that stir the heart to prayer and praise, apart from the forms, invade your solitude and lift your spirit into a deep and sure communion; or do you not get entangled in the things of time and sense, — in your business, or pleasure, or your ambition? Does Nature reveal her beauty to you, and do you look from her to God, and drink deep at the fountains of her inspiration, and feel the sweet pulses of her life? Do you learn of the mother and then let her teach you of the Father? These are questions that almost ask themselves, and I do not think that I overpass a fair judgment when I say that, to many of those who profess to be their own temple and their own priest, and to need no other, such questions have to be answered in the negative.

There is no quiet seeking for the inner life, no eager listening for the whisper of the spirit from on high, like that which has kept the whole world alive, and has held human souls steady and true through the most appalling terrors man can encounter. Do not mistake me when I say this. Here and there a man has got something of this spirit, but they are few and far between, while the drift is to doubt, and question, and make hope burn dim, and touch with paralysis the nerve of any grand endeavor; while with many more this own temple and own priest business is mere seeming, and the dumb things that run and fly worship God more truly than they do.

— *Robert Collyer.*

The faith born of ethics is that man can do the right. The imperative itself brings the power to meet it. There is no duty if I cannot perform it. And as duty exists and charms and binds me, I know I can do it. Men say we are born selfish, avaricious, lustful, and cannot be otherwise. We can be! And the first thing is to feel in our heart of hearts that we ought to be, — and the iron weight of that obligation will transform us and give us its iron strength.

— *W. M. Salter.*

The truest morality tells us to cling, above all, to the duties that return every day to acts of inexhaustible brotherly kindness. And, thus considered, we find that in the every day walk of life the solitary thing we can ever distribute among those who march by our side, be they joyful or sad, is the confidence, strength, the freedom and peace, of our soul.

— *Maeterlinck.*

While we are as yet small children, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold — Truth. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L I E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient thing in the world. They roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all they have a great talent for standing still, always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns, thus we learn, to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth.

— *O. W. Holmes.*

NOTES

A most impressive and interesting service in memory of Rev. Samuel June Barrows was held in Channing Hall, Boston, on May 17. Addresses expressing appreciation and affection were delivered by Dr. S. A. Eliot, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell, and other of his friends and associates.

The closing exercises of the Tuckerman School were held in the Unitarian Building on May 19. Dr. S. A. Eliot presided and presented the

diplomas to the graduating students. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham and Rev. Elmer S. Forbes. The year's work of the school has been very successful, and there is excellent promise of its contributing much to the efficiency of our churches.

Rev. Minot Simons, of the Church of the Unity, Cleveland, Ohio, is doing excellent work with what he calls his "Bulletin Pulpit." On a large bulletin, placed in front of the church, is printed in very large type, that can be read from across the street, some helpful or stimulating religious statement. Every week the copy is changed. This propaganda method has aroused much attention and received the commendation of the local press.

At a special meeting of the Third Unitarian Congregational Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 26, it was decided to build a new church and parish house at a cost of $35,000. The parish house will be built in 1909 and the church in 1910.

The Meadville Theological School will hold its closing exercises on June 2 and 3. The anniversary sermon will be preached by Rev. F. L. Phalen, of Fairhaven, Mass., and Prof. McGiffert, of the Union Theological Seminary, will deliver the commencement address.

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The UNITARIAN CALENDAR is published monthly, except July and August, by the American Unitarian Association, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Single subscription, 25 cents a year. Club rate, five for $1.00

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